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Tennyson.



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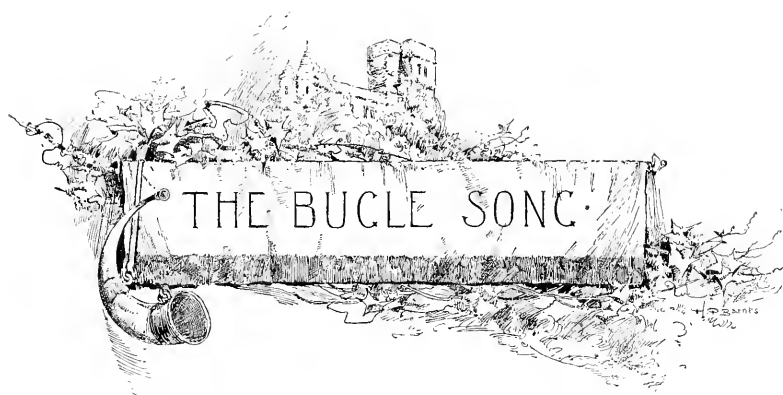
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THE BUGLE SONG

AND

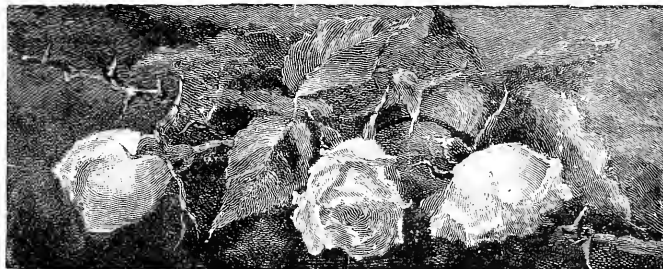
OTHER POEMS

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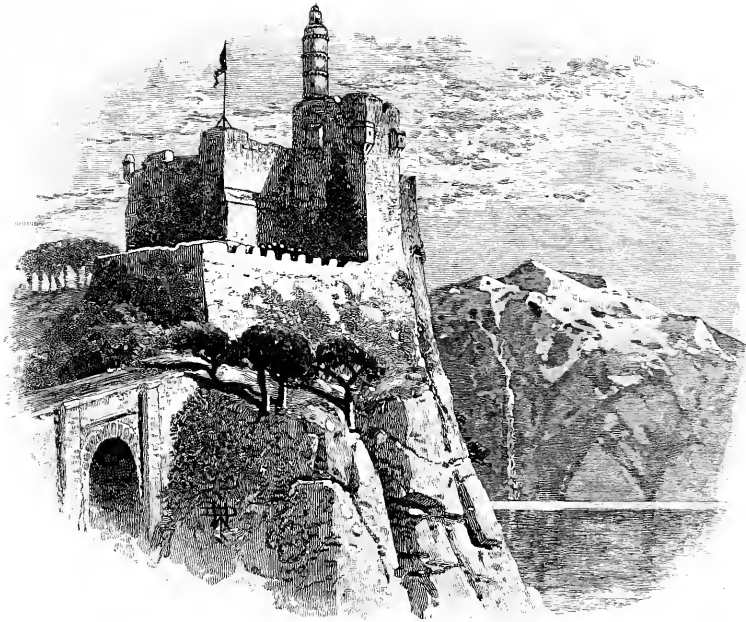
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Illustrated and printed under the supervision of
GEORGE T. ANDREW.



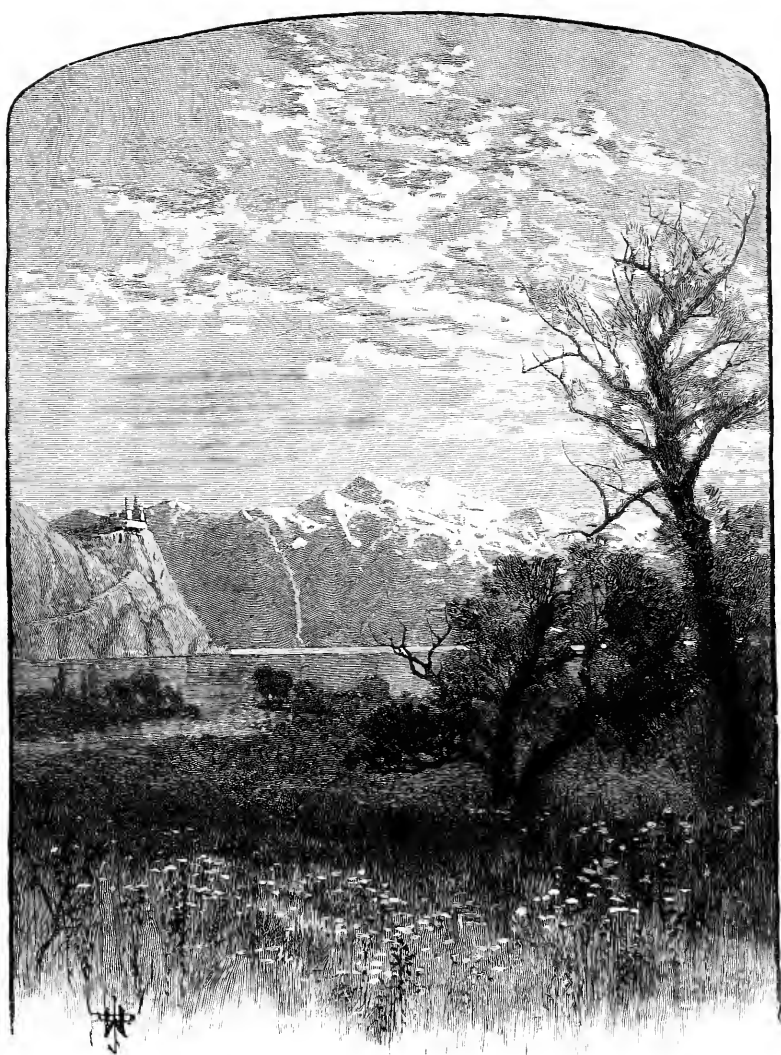
THE BUGLE SONG.

THE splendor falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story ;
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
O sweet and far, from cliff and scar
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying;
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river;
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow for ever and for ever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

TENNYSON.







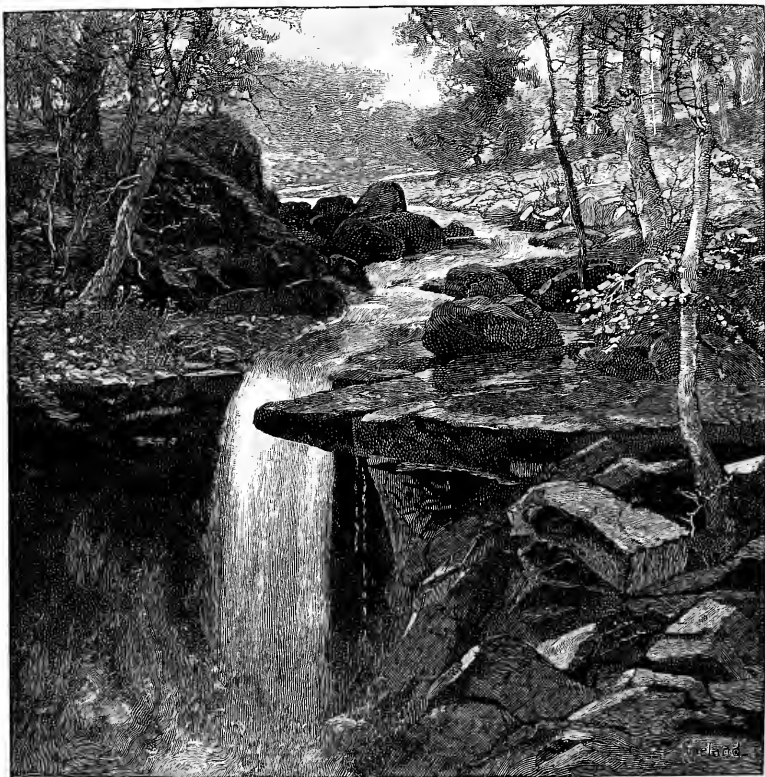
SONG OF THE SPIRITS OVER THE WATERS.

THE soul of man is like to water,
From Heaven it cometh,
To Heaven it riseth
And then returneth to earth
Forever alternating.

Then foameth brightly,
In cloud waves rolling
O'er polished rocks;
Then tranquil flowing
It wandereth, hiding,
Soft murmuring, to depths below it.
Over crags from the steep projecting
Falls it all roaring, foaming, steplike,
Far downward,
Then level flowing
Creeps to the meadow away
And in the glassy sea
Gaze all the planets at their fair faces.

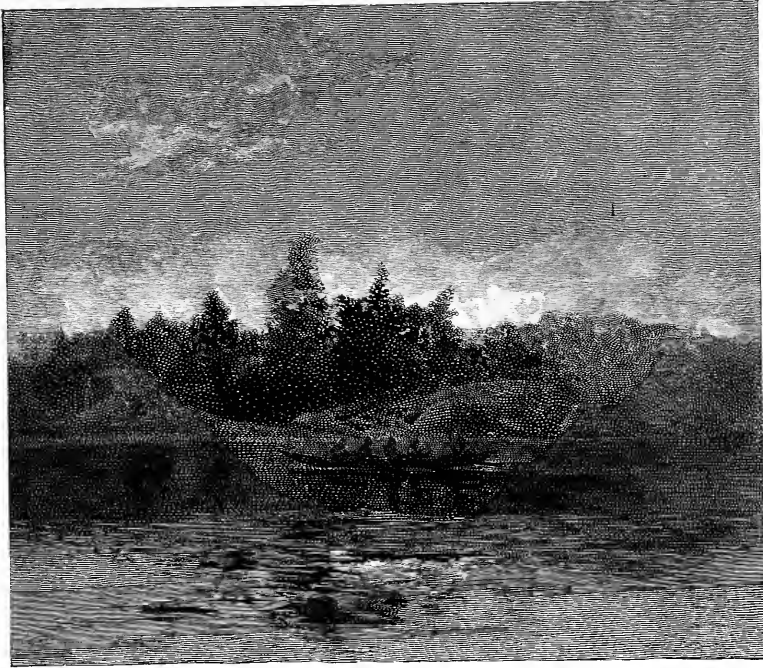
Wind is to wavelet tenderest lover,
Wind from the deep tears foam-crested billows,
Soul of man mortal, how art thou like water!
Fate of man mortal, how art thou like wind!

GOETHE.









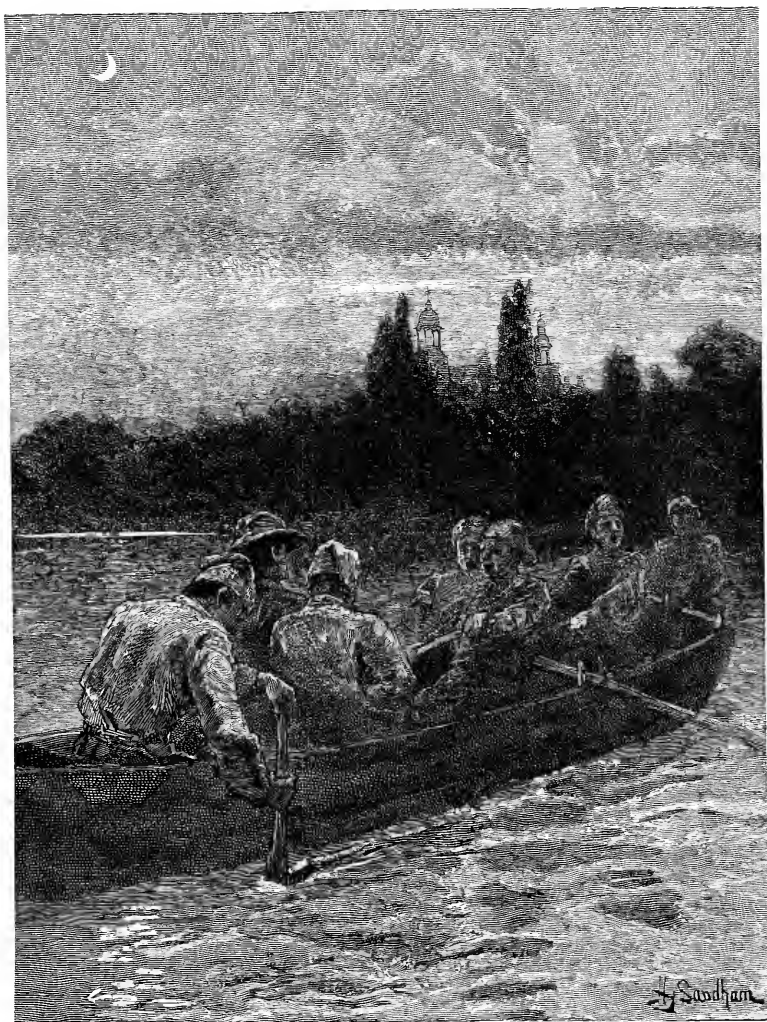
A CANADIAN BOAT SONG.

FAINTLY as tolls the evening chime
Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time,
Soon as the woods on shore look dim
We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn.
Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past!

Why should we yet our sail unfurl?
There is not a breath the blue wave to curl,
But when the wind blows off the shore,
Oh, sweetly we'll rest our weary oar.
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past!

Utawa's tide! this trembling moon
Shall see us float over thy surges soon.
Saint of this green isle, hear our prayers,—
Oh, grant us cool heavens and favoring airs.
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past!

MOORE.





SONG OF THE SILENT LAND.

INTO the Silent Land!
Ah, who shall lead us thither?
Clouds in the evening sky more darkly gather
And shattered wrecks lie thicker on the strand.
Who leads us with a gentle hand
Thither, O thither,
Into the Silent Land?

Into the Silent Land!
To you, ye boundless regions
Of all perfection! tender morning visions
Of beauteous souls! the Future's pledge and band!
Who in Life's battle firm doth stand
Shall bear Hope's tender blossoms
Into the Silent Land.

O Land! O Land!
For all the broken-hearted
The mildest herald by our fate allotted,
Beckons, and with inverted torch doth stand
To lead us with a gentle hand
To the land of the great Departed,
Into the Silent Land!

LONGFELLOW.



2000





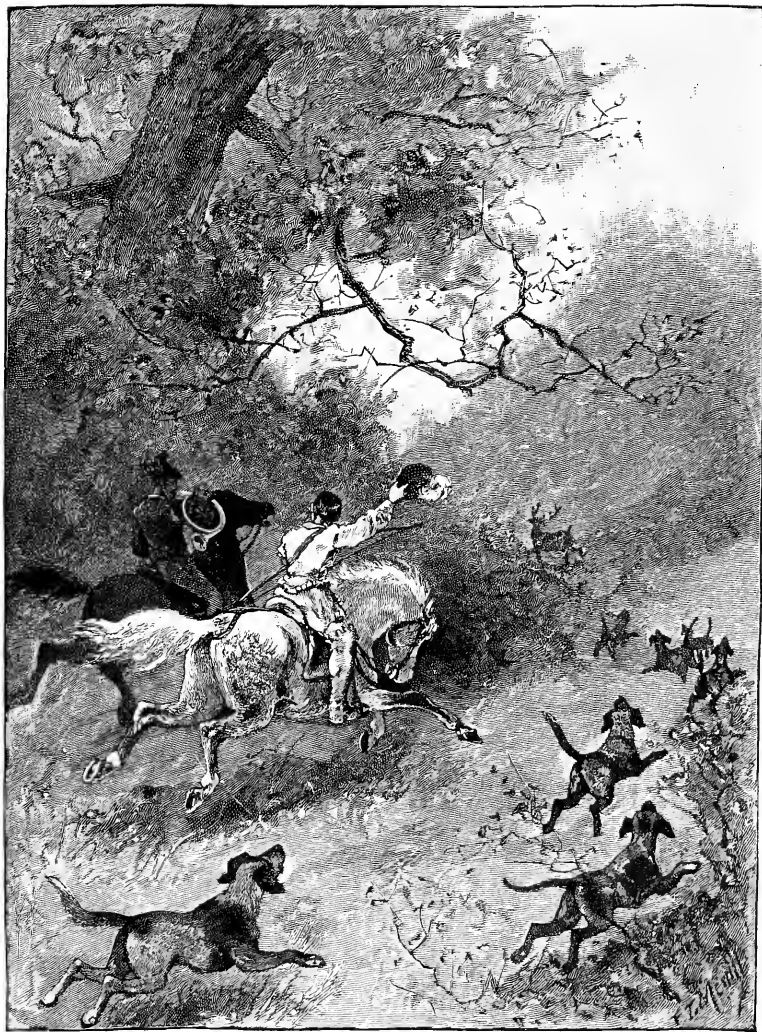
SONG OF THE IMPRISONED HUNTSMAN.

My hawk is tired of perch and hood,
My idle greyhound loathes his food,
My horse is weary of his stall,
And I am sick of captive thrall.
I wish I were as I have been,
Hunting the hart in forest green,
With bended bow and bloodhound free,
For that's the life is meet for me.

I hate to learn the ebb of time,
From yon dull steeple's drowsy chime,
Or mark it as the sunbeams crawl,
Inch after inch, along the wall.
The lark was wont my matins ring,
The sable rook my vespers sing;
These towers, although a king's they be,
Have not a hall of joy for me.

No more at dawning morn I rise,
And sun myself in Ellen's eyes,
Drive the fleet deer the forest through,
And homeward wend with evening dew;
A blithesome welcome blithely meet,
And lay my trophies at her feet,
While fled the eve on wing of glee,—
That life is lost to love and me!

SCOTT.







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